

## My True Love's Name Is Johnny

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Mrs. Sullivan Shafter, 1940

My true love's name is Johnny As you may plainly see. He hired to my father A laboring boy to be.

He hired to reap, to sow the seed, To tend my father's land, For soon I fell in love with him As you may understand.

For six long months we courted But scarcely was it known Till they watched us close one evening Down beyond the shady grove.

My father stepped up by my side He seized me by my hand He says, "I sent your Johnny away To some undemon land."

They locked me up in my own bedroom My conscience for to destroy For to weep and to mourn For my poor Johnny boy.

My mother early next morning These words to me did say, "Your father is determined to Disappoint your wedding day."

I finally made her an answer Within my year to employ If it's ever prospects to increase For my poor Johnny boy.

Go fill your glasses to the brim Let the tongue go merry round It's happy, happy is the boy That cuts the timber down.

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For when his day's work is over At home he starts for Joy It's happy, happy is the girl That  
gits my Johnny boy.